

Now a desire has arisen to share with others the fruits of my silence. I am not dead to the lower energies of my nature and fear overtakes me lest I speak not as a listener. But every step has its pitfalls and the taking of the step alone can show if one is grown sufficiently strong to avoid the fall.

That is why I will repeat what I have heard. But not all I have heard. For each one of us has two voices, and one of them is false. In Nature also there are two voices, and one of them is illusory. The Powerful Ones are of two kinds and one class speaks the language demoniac. There are faerie hosts who can but sing beguiling verse; there are ghosts and goblins whose speech is worse than that of criminals; there are mischievous sprites who lure one to fancy and forgetfulness.

The Voice of the Silence is the Soul of Nature, and the self-conscious part of that Soul is the Grand Lodge of Master Masons who dwell in a Shrine not made with hands. Compassion and sacrifice make Them speak and Their word is always in the world. We hear Them when we become deaf to all other sounds. That too I have heard.

I wish others to share my hearing. For that reason I consent to speak in these pages as leisure permits and opportunities arise. "False learning is rejected by the Wise and scattered to the Winds by the Good Law. Its wheel revolves for all, the humble and the proud. The 'Doctrine of the Eye' is for the crowd; the 'Doctrine of the Heart' for the elect. The first repeat in pride: 'Behold I know'; the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess: 'Thus have I heard.'"

CRĀVAKA.

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